# THE ACADEMIA

"Sing unto God."

No. 15. Michaelmas Term, 1922.

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# The Academite.

A Magazine issued each Term by Students of the
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

No. 15. ONE SHILLING. Michaelmas Term, 1922.

*Editor:*
RUSSELL E. CHESTER, B.A.

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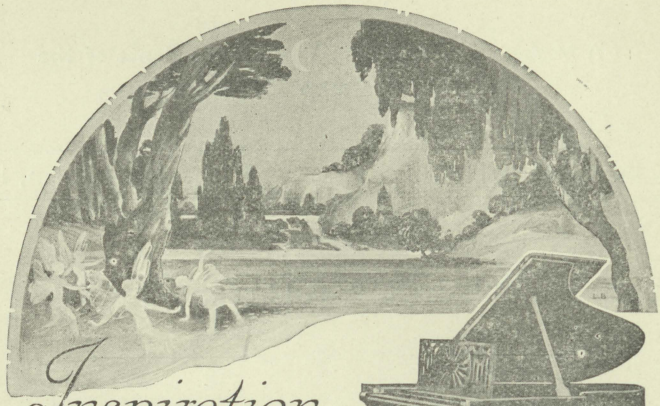

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# The Academite.

## The Loss of a Soul.

ONCE upon a time there was a Little Tune. He was born in Heaven, but Heaven was not enough. "This is rather boring," said the Little Tune, "I must see life."

Now there were frequent visitors to Heaven, men with long hair and far-away eyes. The Little Tune went up to one of these and said: "Take me down, please."

"Thou God-given gift, welcome," cried the Long-Haired One, and seizing a quill from a goose, he took the Little Tune down.

"By means of a goose shalt thou descend to become sportfor geese!" was proclaimed from the August Heights.

Then the Little Tune lay in a snowy bed of music-paper, and every day the Long-Haired One would come and whistle him through, with shining eyes. But after a few weeks the Tune grew impatient.

"Can this be all?" he complained. So to please him the Long-Haired One went to the Publisher and said:

"All that is best in me protests against publication. The value of this Tune lies in itself. 'Must I sell my art'? I ask myself. Still, I submit."

And the Publisher rejoined:

"All that is worst in me protests against publication. The value of this Tune is piffling. 'How the deuce am I to sell your art?' I ask myself. Still, I submit."

And the Little Tune was published.

In course of time the Little Tune came to be known as one of the wonders of the world. Work-stained men, woe-jaded women, would throng the concert halls when he was played, and the sky-lark ecstasy of him would thrill them back to that Heaven from whence he had sprung more recently than they. Childhood on the threshold found here pictured all that might be; old age on the brink saw mirrored all that might have been. Yet the Little Tune was not content.

"It is hardly what I expected," said he.

Things were a trifle better, he thought, when he was dressed up in military togs and played on the Pier at Brighton; when he was garbed in a schoolgirls' frock and jerked out by Emily at Nuneaton.

"This is less like Heaven," he commented. "Still, even here I find a flavour of earnest endeavour which too closely reminds me of home."

"Will nothing please you?" boomed from the August Heights, and he was thrown to the Rag-picker.

Then began a time of twisting and teazing.

"Jock, you're tickling!" he giggled in delight, as the Rag-picker jazzed his long notes into short ones, and syncopated him like a butcher cutting chops with a blunt knife and a bad aim. "Jock, you're tickling!" he cried again, as all clothed in rags and without a decent stitch on him, he was thrust into the streets.

And how he was welcomed in those streets! How he was bawled, shouted, shrieked and yelled, and escorted in triumph to—where? What was that glittering vista of gaiety that opened before him? What were those chortling warblers making ready to receive him? Could they be Saxophones? And could that elegant palace be indeed the object of his dim dreams: the El Dorado of Happy Feet?

Yes, he was sure of it! It was! Our Little Tune had at length arrived. Those twirling, whirling, those ever-swirling couples, painfully intent or careless with engaging nonchalance (according to their low or high social degree), those ankle-shiverings, those shoulder-twitterings, the very tee-to-tumness of it all, proclaimed fulfilment: Destiny realised. This, he had known, could be; this, he at last beheld, was. With a shriek of rapture the Little Tune bounded from Saxophone to Fiddle, from Fiddle to Saxophone; almost his own ankles shivered, and almost twittered his shoulders.

"This is LIFE!" he yelled, repeatedly, with an appropriate tied-note at the first of every bar; and so, grimacing and gibbering, snorting and sniggering, our Little Tune lost his soul.

"By means of a goose shalt thou descend to become sport for geese!"

HARRY FARJEON.

**By arrangement with "The Music Teacher."*

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## Lines.

"Beaver" was a game they played
In, perhaps, the last decade,
And 'tis said archaic folks
Still include it in their jokes:
But some at the Academy,
Apostles of Modernity,
Hail "Horn Rims," "High Brows" have brought us
With aesthetic cries of "Tortus!"

"APRIL."

---

## For Chloë.

O Jack and Jill went up a hill
  And that is how we know
They did not live in Essex, where
  The twisting hedges grow!
The roads they turn, then turn again,
  And twist and wind about,
But he who smells the Essex hay
  And drinks the Essex stout,
And tramps along the wriggling roads
  With a good friendly stick,
His blood will leap within him and
  His heart will beat more quick,
At every turn of stony road
  And each and every wind
To feel that round its twisted curves
  Adventure he may find.

Some sing the praise of aeroplanes,
  And some of pirating,
Some people keep a motor-car,
  But I prefer to swing
With step that echoes as I tread,
  And in my hand a cane,
A' following the twists and turns
  O' some vagrant Essex lane.

D.C.A.

# Stage Management in Fancy and in Fact.

## FANCY.

HELPED into my fur-lined motoring coat by two stalwart footmen, whose calves betray their Park Lane ancestry, I stroll leisurely and in dignified manner down the steps of my West End mansion to my waiting car. The rugs are arranged to my liking, and soon I am rolling luxuriously, cigar in hand, towards the Academy.

My arrival there is a signal for everyone to appear as if his own particular job is the most important one in existence. By the time I have strolled, again leisurely and in a still more dignified manner up the steps of the Academy the whole building is throbbing with that air of concentrated energy that only corps commanders have hitherto been able to inspire.

With just the right touch of condescension I shake hands with the Principal, declining with just the right intonation in the voice (elocution teaches one the art) his offer of a Scotch and Soda.

I proceed to the Hall, where my chief electrician, my two under electricians, call boys, messenger boys, property master, stage carpenter, are grouped in nervous silence near the stage.

I languidly call for the curtain to be rung up and then I proceed carefully to alter everything in the lighting that the producer has decided upon previously. The producer at this moment approaches, diffidently, knowing that any sudden noise is apt to upset me, and cause me to refuse him any props. at all. As far as costumes are concerned, I never worry. They are looked after admirably by each member of the cast, some of whom will even fold their own clothes up after a performance.

This completes the business of the day until the evening, so languidly and with even greater dignity I return to my waiting car, and drive to "The Cavour," where I patronise the leading lights of the stage and tell them how much better I could play their parts.

Then—the evening! (I should remark that the "—" after "then" as well as being excellent literary style, denotes a long and heavy after luncheon slumber—very managerial). Ah! the evening! Same car, same leisure, same dignity, a clean dress shirt—all the best stage managers wear dress shirts, preferably clean, and not a dickey—and another cigar! I arrive just before the Orchestra is due to ring in. Not a hair ruffled. Just a strong silent man, upon whom thousands lean! I ring in as one who should say "Let the play commence."

I retire to my sanctum sanctorum and invite the producer to have one. At the interval I appear in the vestibule, preferably posed underneath my portrait, which has been hung there by a grateful committee. I watch them under half-veiled lids with a smile of cynical amusement at the awestruck appearance of oi poloi as with mouth agape they whisper "That's 'im."

Then back to watch the "tabs" sweep down with the magnificent swish that betokens a triumphant finale. As I stand in the wings I take my call in response to the impassioned plaudits I know will come. I let fall carelessly a bunch of carnations which the leading lady has been allowed to present me.

My call! I bow! I smile faintly! I signal fatigue! The cast, grouped behind me, give way in respectful admiration as I go.

Escorted by the Principal and the Producer I reach my car and sinking back in its luxurious cushions I sigh and roll homeward in leisured and in dignified fashion.

## FACT.

I snatch a hurried breakfast, knowing I am late. I hurl myself into my coat and a 27 'Bus, and arrive at the Academy.

"The Secretary wants you"; "Simmons have rung up twice"; "See Mr. Bond as soon as you come"; "Black wants you"; are but a few of the things hurled at me as I fly through the hall.

I leave everything to 'phone Simmons. Five people, who have faithfully promised for weeks past to be measured have not yet come down. Who are they? I hunt up my list. Got 'em! They must go down to-day. I ask. They're not here to-day! Telegrams at once. (I seem to be falling into the Hutchinson style. Sorry!) I go to the hall. Rehearsal half an hour late. Only three of the cast turned up. Producer resigned, yet I feel atmosphere. Where are these chairs to go, Mr. P———? They've just come from Warner's. Put 'em in the hall for the time being. Ten minutes later. Where are those chairs? Chorus of I dunno! Finally discover in ladies' waiting room. Why does everything gravitate there, I wonder? Down to the bowels of the Academy. Yards of wire, lumps of wood, carpenters building all sorts of funny things. Discuss lighting. Middle of discussion: Mr. Bond wants you. Up to sixth floor. Find out I'm wanted to play part in rehearsal. Don't know my words. Never do! Principle of mine. Learn words. Dress rehearsals. Dresses not come! Arrive ten minutes before time! Carter has a wonderful excuse—Carters always have. Start to unpack costumes. Called away on 'phone about programmes. Find it's not programmes, but indignant parent, who says last time her little girl's name was spelt Rosey instead of Rosie, and will I alter it as her friends read it as Nosey. Back to costumes. Helpful people have unpacked for me. Result—Chaos! Armageddon! Catyclysm! (I'm sure I've read "If Winter Comes.")

The night! Ah! the night! Such a hurrying and a scurrying. Old folk, young folk, gay young friskers. The make-up man is late; the cast is late; I'm late; we're all late. Various forms in different stages of undress flit madly about. Strange blotches of colour appear on faces that have never shown the blemish of paint nor the blot of powder. (That's rather good!) Hush! the smell of a cigar! All is well. Our producer is here. I charge on the stage in a suit of chain armour and a civilian coat to show my dual role. I meet a stage hand. We collide. A crash. Fortunately the audience like that sort of thing. It takes the severely professional touch off the atmosphere. We start—late—but still we start. But not for long. O no! Not for long. We don't believe in going straight through a play. The critics might not like it. Besides there would be nothing to talk about in an audible whisper in the wings when we came off! So we keep a character tied down in the band room till he's late for his cue. Then we let him go. He arrives breathless, and the audience love it. It's their only chance of a laugh, and besides it looks so enthusiastic. The play over, we gather round and tell each other how w-o-o-o-o-nderful we all were. We know its the only time we shall hear it. The "critiques" come next day. Then everyone goes home more or less incoherent and I go round, collect the garments, and any night you may see me when Drama rules the evening, holding a pair of tights in one hand and a shoe in the other, and just—wondering! Still, they say the onlooker sees most of the game, and I keep on—wondering!

I'd rather have it this way.

DOUGLAS H. PACK.

## The Holly Tree.

When you were planted long ago
  You looked on ladies fair
In lace with satin skirt below
  And snowy, powdered hair.

And did you love those dainty feet
  That tripped across the grass,
And did you see the lovers meet,
  And watch the whit swans pass ?

And now you're left alone with me
  All gnarled and brown and old,
But round you I can sometines see
  The haze of dreams untold.

UNA GWYNNE.

---

## The University of London Union Society.

THE University of London Union Society lives up to its name in striving to exert a real influence on students in the scattered colleges of the University of London. That University was once a mere degree-giving body ; but everyone knows what immense progress has been made since the coming together of some score of separate institutions in the early years of the present century changed its status. Still, you cannot create a university by Act of Parliamen, tor by having a Chancellor and a Senate. The "university spirit" intangible, but very real, is needed. That cannot be defined by Parliamentary draughtsmen, given by the most illustrious and gifted of Chancellors, nor promulgated by any Senate. It must well up from below. Its source is the student. Pride of college we have ; pride of university we must have.

The Union Society exists to foster that spirit and that pride, to form that link between the colleges which all admit to be essential, and to represent London in those inter-university functions, which are growing in number and importance. For its success it depends on the individual student. Membership of the Union enables a London undergraduate to come into contact with those members of his university who take an active part in its corporate life, to influence its character, and to help, inspire and direct its progress. No small privileges, these !

The Union organises debates, and social functions. Full particulars of the session's programme will be found on the card issued to members. Now in possession of premises of its own, it is better enabled to meet the requirements of a great and growing university. Recognition has been granted by the Senate, which has also recently given practical assistance by voting a generous sum for the equipment of the premises. The Union should keep pace with the great strides now being made by London on the academic side. It will do so if it has the loyal co-operation of every student. The first step is to join it.

**Membership.**—All Matriculated Students who are pursuing any further course of study for the University of London, Students taking full-time courses at Colleges or Schools of the University, past Students, and Members of the Academic Staff are eligible for membership.

**Subscription.**—Annual subscription, £1 1s. 0d. ; entrance fee, 10s. 6d. Facilities for joining are to be found at most colleges, but in default, application may be made direct to the Hon. Secretary. Subscriptions for the current academic year are due on 1st September.

**The Union Premises.**—These are in Malet Street, behind the British Museum, only a few minutes from the Colleges in Central London. Fortnightly debates will in future be held there, and a lounge will be always available for the use of members.

## Sing unto God.

ARMISTICE NIGHT, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1922.

Lift up your grief-washed Eyes once more
O Multitudes that weep in vain !
Give back the garments Death and War
Have woven for the Sons of Men !
And clad in garb of Tyrian hue—
Lift up your voice
And make rejoice
The stricken World with Hope anew !

Say—" In lone years that fled apace,
To shield me from the City's stain
God led me to a Silent Place
And wrapt me in a Robe of Pain !
Behold ! my burning tears are spent—
For Robes of Song
And Service strong
I give Him back the Garment lent ! "

Take Sorrow only as a Lamp
Wherewith when Day to Even tends
In Life's dark City, drear and damp,
To read the Sorrow of your friends.
For then 'twere gain that ye had been
With reverent tread
And bended head
Among the Dead at midnight seen.

For lo ! as by Death's tides amazed
On this third night of bitter years,
I kept my silent watch, and gazed
As on an Ocean filled with tears !
There Joy with feet triumphant trod
Its steadfast shore
For evermore
The Guardian of those Seas of God.

L. GIRDLESTONE.

---

## A Night Piece.

Stars are in the sky,
And all the merry moonbeams glancing !
In their soft light the quiet hills are pearled,
The old Moon, smiling, soothes the fretful world
To sleep !

Stars are in the sky,
And all the little elves are dancing !
No rest in forest glade for voice or limb
As gleefully is sung a mocking hymn
To sleep.

Stars are in the sky,
And little girls and boys are dreaming !
The meads are moist and glistening with dew,
The wandering breezes rock the flowers anew
To sleep !

Stars are in the sky,
And all the gentle waters rippling !
Since I must work as soon as it is light,
Moon, breezes, waters lull me, I pray, this night
To sleep !

DECCAR.

## Cricket.

WHAT was intended to be the final cricket match, v. R.C.M., and to decide the destination of the "Farjeon" Cup for 1922, was played at Lords, on the Nursery Ground, on September 25th.

The R.C.M. winning the toss, wisely decided to bat on a dead rain-sodden wicket, which for the early part of the day played extremely easily for the batsmen. The R.C.M. thereby gained a distinct advantage, as our bowlers and fieldsmen were severely handicapped by the wet ball and a slippery outfield.

For the College Falkiner made a very serviceable century, showing good judgment and hitting bad length bowling—of which there was plenty—with great vigour.

Street, although somewhat fortunate, hit hard for a very useful 46 before being bowled by Henderson in the last over before lunch.

The College finally declared at 217 for 7 wickets, leaving R.A.M. about 2½ hours in which to get the runs. It can safely be said that had the Academy catching been anything like up to its usual standard this score would have been reduced by half that number, as something like a dozen easy catches were put down.

Henderson, Evans and Robertson were the most conspicuous as fieldsmen, the last two making good catches. Without Walters, who was badly cut over the eye in attempting a catch in the deep, and Bartlett who was called away on business, the R.A.M., in failing light and on a badly damaged wicket, had to content themselves with playing for a draw.

After losing two wickets for 14, Henderson and Roberts became associated in a stand which lasted until 5.30, half an hour before time for drawing. Both played the bowling with ease tempered with caution, until Roberts was bowled, and after this Henderson was so much master of the situation that he managed to get 95 per cent. of the bowling and with Russell played out time, stumps being drawn at 6 p.m.

Too much praise cannot be given to Henderson's innings, as he defied the College bowlers for nearly two hours in failing light, never once taking a risk and thereby tendering his side invaluable service. Falkiner is to be congratulated on his century and the R.A.M. on their ability to extricate themselves honourably from a very unenviable position. When stumps were drawn the R.A.M. had scored 140 for 4 wickets, and so the game ended in a very even state, although the R.C.M. were undoubtedly the stronger side.

The thanks of both the R.A.M. and R.C.M. are due to the M.C.C. authorities for so kindly allowing the match to take place at Lord's.

D.R.

## R.A.M. Hockey Club Fixtures.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oct. 21 | St. Mary's College ... ... ... ... | 11—0 | Away |
| ,, 28 | R.C.M. ... ... ... ... ... ... | 11—0 | ,, |
| Nov. 11 | Bedford College ... ... ... ... ... | 11—0 | ,, |
| ,, 23 | Crostype Club ... ... ... ... ... | 2—30 | Home |
| Jan. 20 | Guildhall School of Music ... ... ... | 3—0 | ,, |
| Feb. 3 | St. Mary's College ... ... ... ... | 11—0 | ,, |
| ,, 15 | R.C.M. ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2—30 | ,, |
| Mar. 8 | Crostype Club ... ... ... ... ... | 2—30 | Away |
| ,, 17 | Guildhall School of Music ... ... ... | 3—0 | ,, |

At a Meeting held on Wednesday, 15th November, the following elections were made :—

*Captain*—Beryl Ruscoe. *Secretary*—Annie Winter.
*Vice-Captain*—Paddy Craig. *Treasurer*—Margaret Kinnebourgh.

The Club has started this season well, the number of members has increased and the attendance at the practices has improved. It is hoped that the latter will continue.

The first match, against the R.C.M., was played on 28th October on the College ground at Battersea Park. Result: R.C.M. 4; R.A.M. 1.

# SOCIAL NOTES.

We were all very pleased to have Mrs. Russell back amongst us this term, especially as her absence during the Centenary term was so keenly felt. Our best thanks are due to Miss McLeod, who was a most efficient and kindly deputy.

* * * * * * *

Miss Olive Groves and Mr. Manuel Jones had the honour of singing before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at the 109th Annual Dinner of the Royal British Orphanage Society, held at the Hotel Victoria on October 31st. Mr. Roy Ellett was the accompanist.

* * * * * * *

All students will join in wishing happiness and prosperity to Mr. Henry Mugford and Miss Kathleen Fells on the occasion of their marriage, which took place during the summer. Mr. Mugford has accepted a post as organist at Scarborough.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Howard Fry sang the rôle of Gratiano in Mr. Adrian Beecham's recently produced opera, "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Fry has also appeared as soloist with the London Choral Society.

* * * * * * *

We notice in the *Daily Mail* that Miss Dorothy Griffiths has recently given another very successful recital in Paris.

* * * * * * *

The Memorial Service on October 28th at Westminster Abbey to the late Mr. Reginald Pickering was beautiful and impressive. A large number of students attended.

* * * * * * *

Miss Catherine Watson, who was for some time stage manageress of the Dramatic Class, writes from Wellington, New Zealand, a long and interesting letter about her experiences there on her return from England. Being the first L.R.A.M. for elocution to go to New Zealand, she at first had some difficulty in explaining her position, as those illustrious letters have been for so long connected solely with music in the public mind.

* * * * * * *

A concert of Mr. Paul Kerby's orchestral works has just been given in Johannesburg with the composer conducting.

* * * * * * *

Miss Audrey Goldsteen was the soloist in the César Frank variations with Mr. Lyell Taylor's orchestra at Johannesburg.

* * * * * * *

Miss Hilda Neale gave her first recital on her return from England, at the Selborne Hall, Johannesburg, on October 14th. Miss Phyllis Wall was the accompanist, and the programme included Mr. Michael Head's song-cycle "Over the Rim of the Moon."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Roy Russell has been appointed to the staff of the Watford School of Music.

* * * * * * *

On November 4th there was a large audience at the R.A.M. Club Social to welcome Miss Beatrice Harrison and Messrs. Mischa Léon, York Bowen and Harold Craxton. These artists joined in giving one of the best concerts we have had at the Club lately. I hope Dr. Richards realises that present students, no less than members of Branch "A," are grateful to him for his untiring efforts on behalf of the Club, and that the splendid concerts he has arranged have been most appreciated.

* * * * * * *

Some difficulty was found in deciding which was the best way of appealing to all students on behalf of the Centenary Theatre Fund. The matter is still under discussion, but in the meantime the dance on Saturday, December 9th, is to be in aid of this Fund. Special attractions are promised, such as coloured limes and a " bran pie," with dimensions suitable to the surroundings and numbers expected.
Everyone, whether a member of the Club or not, will be welcome.

* * * * * * *

Recent recitals given include Miss Desirée MacEwen, Miss Isabel Gray with Mr. Claude Pollard, Mr. Rowsby Woof with Miss Denise Lassimonne, and Mr. York Bowen in sonatas, Miss Margaret Byrd with Miss Dorothy Chalmers, Mr. Desmond Roberts and Miss Lilias McKinnon.

* * * * * * *

The new premises of the University of London Union Society in Malet Street were officially opened by Lord Haldane on November 7th. The speeches were followed by a short programme of music, and a wireless concert broadcasted from Marconi House. On November 21st our Editor arranged a concert at the Union in aid of the Furnishing Fund.

---

## Ode to a Dinner Gong.

(With apologies to ONE for whom it was written).

O Prelude to an oft-recurring dream,
How sweet thy sounds are to a starved soul,
How richly pure thy one-note melody !
Give me not strains of some immortal muse,
Bid the false harp to cease its senseless throb,
For ever mute those harshly-wailing strings
Lest, 'mid them, thy dear voice be lost,
And thy glad summons drowned !

JOAN SAXON-MILLS.

## Annie M. Child.

As the weeks of this term go past the acute realisation that there is no " Miss Child " forces itself more poignantly—and a wide gap is left—for all of us had a very special corner for her in our affections.

She was such a large-hearted and generous woman, with a wonderful fund of experiences to draw upon, and her own feelings and sense of humour made her a delightful friend, as well as an interesting and sympathetic teacher.

Miss Child had a marvellous power of adapting herself to the varying moods of her many-sided pupils—she seemed to tune herself afresh to each person, which act drew forth unconsciously the very best that was in us. She loved children, and to hear her read a fairy-tale or some of the beautiful poetry that is written for children was something not to be forgotten—her voice was so expressive and her command over it must have made reading aloud a real pleasure to herself as well as to others.

She said once when she was ill, " There are so many great things in life but it seems as if comradeship is almost the greatest." Let us not forget this—the word " Comradeship " embraces so much, and I think it must have been a great compensation for all her suffering to feel that she had meant so much to us and had done more for us and the R.A.M. than we were capable of telling her.

" In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

The years brought her their share of sorrows as well as joys, but she always saw the " silver lining " and helped everyone of us to see it, too.

May her memory ever lead us onwards and upwards.

A STUDENT

# The Super Student.

*R. A.M. circa* A.D. 2022.

His Brow was lofty, his Eye was wild,
The whole world named him the Wonder-Child.
London, Paris, New York, Vienna
Painted his ringlets in raw sienna
And his eyes of blue in a pale cobalt,
And copied his profile without a fault :
Learned men from Pole to Equator
Flocked around his perambulator.

At thirteen weeks he had written a Reel
In double-thirds for the Glockenspiel ;
At less than a year he was made a Fellow,
At eighteen months he could play the 'Cello !
While he struck the whole Academy dumb
By sitting on top of the kettle-drum,
Calmly conducting a work of Liszt's
By a subtle turn of his tiny wrists.

With his Sabine Ode to " Tatius Titus,"
The Queen's Hall Orchestra got rieuritis !
His Opus 10 was an Epoch-maker
And played the part of the Undertaker
To all British Composers' Hopes !
Genius felt like a child that gropes,
And the rising Talent of every nation
Beat its breast in its consternation.

He could name each sound in the silence stirring,
With a sense of Pitch that was never erring ;
He could always tell you without a doubt
Whether people were in or out
By the hollow ring of their front door bell—
Shout or Whistle, or Shriek or Yell,
Bang or Bellow—he knew each note
From a Spider's Sob to a Thunderbolt !

He could play from Memory like a bird
Things he had neither seen nor heard ;
Or transpose at sight on the darkest night
A Bax Concerto without a light :
King and Emperor, Duke and Don
Grew weary of pinning his medals on,
Till they shone like a fabulous coat of mail
On an errant -knight in a fairy-tale.

In the early flower of his Youth's transition
He wrote a treatise on Composition,
Forbidding the Student's feet to stray
In the pleasant paths of the old highway.
Major and Minor Common Chords
Like Angels stood with their flaming swords
To guard the gates to forbidden Ground
In the Happy Garden of Simple Sound.

" Cadence," " Sequence," " Related Chord,"
And things of that nature his Soul abhorred :
The slightest Concord would make him wince,
Though he'd broken the drums of his ears long since
By playing till he was deaf and dumb
On a huge octagonal kettle-drum,
(But so absolute was his perfect pitch
That he passed the Aural without a hitch !)

He made the floor of the Duke's Hall creep,
And the shivering audience faint and weak—
His piano had keyboards from roof to floor
And was built by the firm of Manual More.
(And it looked if it took you unawares
For all the world like a flight of stairs !)
But he played the whole of the Orchestration
By a wireless system of intonation.

The intricate maze of his Counter-Rhythms
Defied all protests and criticisms
(The Signature of his " Fugue Ecstatique " 's
Only written in pure mathematics !)
The learned Librarian long grown weary
Of stuff far worse than the Einstein Theory,
Morose and moody and melancholy
Wheeled the scores on a motor-trolley !

Five and thirty Professors died
And were laid in a graveyard side by side
In the place where the Theatre should have been :
And tears were wrung from the eyes of Green
As he found them, silently, one by one,
By the dying light of the setting sun,
Of all their pride and their glory stript—
With their heads on their pupil's Manuscript !

Such was the Bi-Centenary Dawn—
When the golden light of another morn
Illumined the Students' faces worn !
We had won our Bronze in the Year of Grace
So long ago that the image chaste
Of the tuneful Pagan was quite effaced;
But the Silver Standard had grown so high
That Students simple as you or I
Had long forgotten to strive or cry
And the only Silver we ever wear
Is the thin sad coil of our faded hair
Grown grey with three hundred terms' despair !

L. GIRDLESTONE.

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## Some Thoughts on César Franck (Centenary).

WHEN Edward Dannreuther wrote the last volume of the Oxford History of Music, his very close proximity to the period on which he was writing—the nineteenth century—must preclude his judgment on that era, as final. Wonderful is his grasp of that complex period of music, and it is not to be expected that he could foresee and trace clearly all the beginnings of much of present-day music. The terrific personality of Wagner, and of Liszt, and the mighty power of Brahms, overshadowed the musical world. Who knew, then, that the living in Paris was an organist, almost unknown and certainly unrecognised, to whom practically all the great modern composers give allegiance ? " Father Franck," as he has been called, was as good as a nonentity to Dannreuther, although when the latter wrote, Franck had been dead over ten years.

Born in 1822 at Liège, César Franck, when quite young, emigrated to Paris, at which place he spent the rest of his uneventful life. Teaching, organist of Ste. Clotilde, composition in spare moments and while on holidays,

constitute his everyday duties. In 1890 an unfortunate accident, which at first seemed to be of trivial importance, developed into severe internal injury, causing in a short time his death.

In estimating Franck's life-work it is difficult to know which to admire most—his marvellous teaching capacity, or his creative gift. Of course, the latter really stands first as it is a legacy to us for ever, but he was undoubtedly the greatest teacher of music living at his time, and the results seem now to foreshadow that his name will go down to posterity not only as a composer, but as the greatest of all teachers of composition. Franck's pupils have become, many of them, world-known: Vincent D'Indy, Chabrier, Dupax, Debussey, were at one time pupils of his. They have handed down to a yet younger generation the Franckian tradition. Anyone wishing to read an account of Franck's methods of teaching, as far as is ascertainable, and the best account of him yet written, should read the "Life of César Franck" (English translation by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch), written by his most intimate pupil, Vincent D'Indy.

Franck's teaching and organ duties occupied the greater part of his time; the quantity of his own music suffers thereby. Here is yet another great master who did not find his real self until he had reached middle-age. The works that we know him by were all written after 1872, that is, after Franck had passed his fiftieth year.

It is sad to think that Franck hardly ever heard a first-rate public performance of any of his great works. His pupils used to perform them in the best manner they could, the audiences as a rule being practically nil. His fellow-professors in Paris were unaccountably jealous, and none of his works were given at the Conservatoire during his lifetime. A typical case of the fiasco of one of his first performances may be taken when his "Beatitudes" was given. This work started in 1870 was not completed until 1879. The first performance was to be given by his students in his own house, the composer at the piano. The Minister of Fine Arts, the Directors of the Conservatoire, and the leading critics were invited. The first catastrophe was the day before, when Franck strained his wrist, so D'Indy had to be the pianist. On the evening of the performance the Directors of the Conservatoire sent their kindest regards to M. Franck, but regretted their inability to be present owing to other more important engagements. The same sort of apology and excuse arrived from the Minister of Arts. The critics were detained by a new farce at one of the theatres. One or two turned up, but soon left. At the end the audience numbered two—Edward Lalo and Victorien Joncières! The next performance was fourteen years after, at Liège, after Franck's death. In 1904 it was given in Paris. About 1912 (I believe) the Bach Choir gave the work in London. This is the only performance—as far as my knowledge goes—it has ever had in England.

Franck has often been compared with Bach, and the comparison up to a point is correct. A certain mystic feeling pervades some of Bach's music (notably the "Passion" music), but in César Franck it is the very essence of his being. When this feeling is not there, as in certain of the Satanic parts of the "Beatitudes," Franck becomes merely theatrical and that of the Meyerbeer type! In the best of his music there is a feeling of divine radiancy which is unexampled in any other composer. Of course, technically speaking, his harmony has much to do with this, but we must remember Wagner and Liszt were as great harmonists as Franck, but that particular feeling is absent in them. Maybe, his tremendous love of the organ is responsible for this. Certainly the organ is the foundation of his technique, as it is of Bach's. Sometimes, too, he gets into the open air, though he never wanders out of range of the Church bells, which ring through his music in so many tones, from dreamiest ecstasy to a boyish glee. But in church, at the organ, he is at his best. . . Then the burning intensity of his mystic feeling gets home. . . In the loft at Ste. Clotilde, we feel sure, his greatest ideas came to him. There as he plays he communes with the invisible; and for long stretches, when he is thus inspired, we listen to the music of the pure in heart who shall see God."*

DERISK ASHLEY.

**Quoted from an article in "Music and Letters," October*, 1922.

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When e'er the oarth the male poonlight
  Sineth sho steacefully and pill,
The gightinnale, athreast a born
  Mourneth with many a tranguished ill.

And I, and I, too, thy the born
  Of memory am staunted hill;
The wooning man slinks sow to rest
  And greaves my lief to fet its frill.

R.E.C.

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*Trill*: Two notes in rapid irritation.

*Legato*: An elastic band used to slip over music so that it is easier to carry without a case.

*Ten*: This sign placed over a note means that the sound must be repeated ten times.

*MS.*: In a sinister manner.

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## Guess !

WHO likes red hair.
WHO thinks it is "dangerous."
WHO wished she were "Mary" on November 4th.
WHY some of the girl students think it so necessary to play the "candid friend."
WHO combines the characteristics of an "Egg" and a "Beaver."
WHAT one scores for same.
WHICH Member of the Orchestra favours the Principal with a society smile, and why?
WHETHER this effort is as painful as it looks.
WHO is fond of the sea.
WHICH game has succeeded "Put and Take" as the favourite pastime of the Examining Board during the L.R.A.M. session.
WHETHER the game doesn't make a certain Professor's life a burden to him.
WHO nearly fell out of the window when he spotted a "king."
WHO *really* bosses the show, and how.
WHICH Professor visits one of his colleagues of a Sunday, and how he contrives to exist when beans are out of season.
WHICH of the sub-professing fraternity was to be seen in gaol at Dorchester quite recently, how long was the period of detention, and whether before or after her performance.
WHO started the rumour that Owen Nares has joined the Dramatic Class.
WHO—though new to the Dramatic Class—likes it.
WHO studies form in the Dramatic Class.
WHO is the *one* lady with any personality.
WHO gives grudging praise and much advice to those of far greater experience.
WHO cannot think how to get across the stage.
WHO liked Pay Day every *other* day.
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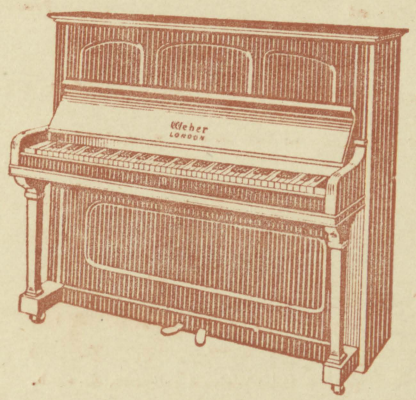


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